# CANDOUR

The British Views – Letter founded by A.K. Chesterton MC in 1953

*To serve as a link between Britons all over the world in protest against the surrender of their world heritage*

ISSN 0008-5529 Issue 874 March 2021


# John Bull's Other Island

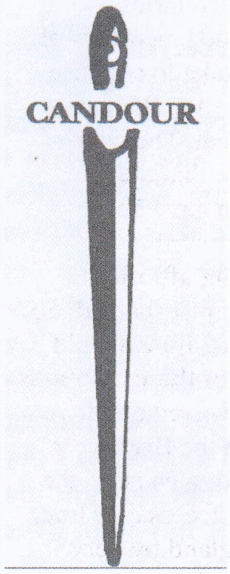
Unfortunately the Brexit process has brought 'The Irish question' back into public discourse, unfortunately the mainstream media have been asking the wrong Irish questions and getting wrong answers. It is claimed that Brexit will increase Northern appetite to join the Irish Republic. My guess would be that that will depend on whether the referendum for it takes place next year or sometime after that. The truth about the British Isles is that we constitute a single economic unit however we organise ourselves politically. All claims to the contrary are based on a mixture of wishful thinking and outright untruths. We are united by ties of blood, a shared history and deep cultural links. Practically speaking this Union cannot be denied, the exclusion of Ireland from the British customs union after her so-called 'independence' led to a long depression relieved only by a spot of wartime profiteering. Joint accession to the EEC enabled the resumption of our usual trading relations. Brexit will again end the customs union, leaving the Irish with three options.

First, Ireland follows us out and re-joins the British customs union, making a closer political union ever more attractive. Second, Ireland goes bust. Third, Ireland changes utterly, agriculture would have to be cut back so that the countryside would become quite unrecognisable. There would have to be wholesale industrialisation with an emphasis on hi-tech engineering and everyone will have to give blood half a dozen times a year – any number of Americans will tell you they have Irish blood in them; it is completely true but more of it gets there by transfusion than descent, the Irish sell more of it than whiskey already and they would need to give gallons more.

The independence joke has gone too far already; it is time to come home to common sense before something serious happens.

By Hereward More.

# Editorial




Welcome to another issue of Candour. Firstly, I would like to thank all those of you who sent in donations and encouragement after Colin Todd's appeal in the last issue. I was able to use the funds to renew the BM Candour mailbox for 2021, to update and renew our website (www.candour.org.uk), and to buy a new printer for Colin.

The beginning of 2021 feels very similar to 2020. We are still in lockdown though there is possibly light at the end of the tunnel with the vaccination campaign going well nationally. Once we emerge from lockdown, the economy will be in ruins and high unemployment will surely follow. The EU's mask slipped badly over their blundering response to their own vaccination programme, and it took just a month for them to do what they said must not happen - they attempted to enforce a border between Northern Ireland and the Republic of Ireland. Their unelected 'President' quickly had to change her mind amidst unprecedented negative reporting. Even the BBC and the Guardian were aghast and critical of the EU's handling of the affair. Many 'remainers' surely must have seen the light!

This issue focuses on the Island of Ireland. The people of the Irish republic allowed their country to be the dupes of the European Union during Brexit. It would be nice to think that they would now see the sense of also leaving the EU after being thrown under the bus within a few weeks of Britain leaving the transition agreements, but unfortunately it seems unlikely. Hereward More's lead article gives the three options open to Ireland. The most sensible of which would be to re-join a British customs union, but the Irish traditional and unreasonable hatred of the British dies hard.

On the cultural war being waged on the British by the extreme left, the Labour Party, and their pawns 'Black Lives Matter' more statues have been targeted for destruction. Even Captain Cook is now being targeted. There was a little good news recently when the Secretary of State for housing, communities, and local government announced that planning permission would be required for the BLM's cultural vandalism. This was long overdue, the gutless Conservative Party should have acted far more quickly.

Over in America, Trump has gone. The media is completely disinterested in whether there was any cheating in the election. Their only interest was to see the back of Trump. Now we will see a crackdown of free speech, dissenters will be targeted and will be unable to get their points across to the public. The media and the establishment, backed by the big global communications organisations, are set to control what can be placed online.

In other matters, *Candour* editor Colin Todd has now been released from prison. You will find an update from him (see below). This means that this is my last issue as editor and I am now handing the reins back to Colin. Thank you for your support over the last two years, it is much appreciated. I would especially like to record my thanks to James. Without his help, there would have been no *Candour* over the last two years.

Finally, eagle eyed readers will have noticed the absence of the volume number on the front page. This has been incorrect for many years following mistakes made in the 1990's. The volume numbers have caused nothing but confusion and the reintroduction of the individual issue number a few years ago made the volume number obsolete. So as my last act (and with Colin's agreement) it is unceremoniously dropped.

**Rob Black** (Temporary editor of *Candour*)

# Update From Colin Todd

I was released from H.M.P. Erlestoke on the 30th of December last. Of my two year sentence for ABH (Actual Bodily Harm) I served all but five weeks behind bars. Ordinarily I should have served 12 months on licenced Probation. In my case the licence I was presented with was a *political one for a NON-political* offence. I lasted outside in a bail hostel for five weeks on that political licence until I decided I actually had MORE freedom to do as I felt right in prison than I did outside. As a consequence I missed the first nine months of the Dreaded Lurgi. I do not feel I missed much.

The time is done. I am unscathed. A little older and uglier perhaps but essentially the same. Give it some time and I'll tell the fuller story. The funny, sad, mad and bad. What should I do? Laugh or cry? Knock me down and I have always got up again. Same this time.

I will not go into details of my present circumstances save to say that I am warm and safe with a roof over my head.

Rob Black in particular has performed a sterling role in not only continuing the work of the AK Chesterton Trust, making sure that all those many book and other orders went out smartly, but edited and with James produced three issues of *Candour* under trying circumstances. They did not do it alone. The others know who they are. AK and Rosine would approve of such dedication. To that I add my own humble thanks. Thank you lady and gentlemen.

For the future...

My boring mantra, for some years, has been SURVIVAL. Naturally that holds. As does my new. GROWTH. Together let us ALL grow *Candour* and make life more EVER miserable for **Our New Unhappy Lords !** **Colin Todd.**

# THE IRISH. BLESS THEM!

By A. K. Chesterton

Originally published in *Truth* in October 1950

As southern Irishmen will dismiss this article as being full of Sassenach prejudice, let me begin by confessing that I am indeed deeply prejudiced—in their favour. Having worked and soldiered with them in many parts of the world I can testify to their gaiety, their courage, their kindness, their spirit of adventure, their fascinating intensity, above all their superb capacity for being themselves. When the peoples of the earth have been standardised to match some vile cosmopolitan pattern, the Irish alone will be free. The irony of their situation is that they have never been other than free, however great the emotional delight they may derive from the belief that they have been—and, because of partition, still are—a cruelly wronged and persecuted race. During my visit to Ireland in the summer the thought often occurred to me that if only the Irish could be persuaded that they are in every real sense the least conquered and the least conquerable of people they might begin to seek maturer satisfactions than those afforded by the licking of old wounds. Throughout the long and usually deplorable course of human history governments have been imposed and armies have run amuck and there is no part of the world where residual bitterness is not to be found because of these things. Nobody ever lived who had no cause to be bitter. Yet the fostering of bitterness, and the handing of it down from generation to generation, is a sign of neurosis rather than of health. The process suggests that those who fear to be deprived of their hate after the occasion for it has passed feel they would be very much at a loss for a compensating emotional attitude or a political stock-in-trade to fill the void.

There is in Ireland, not least among those who overwhelm individual Englishmen with friendliness, an abiding hatred of England. Much of it, because of the peculiar contradictions in the Irish character, achieves the remarkable feat of being fanatically sincere and at the same time the most arrant humbug. The phenomenon is akin to " dissociation." One delightful Irishman, who spent three hours declaiming, sometimes very angrily, against the past and present wrongs of his country suffered at the hands of my country, pleasantly remarked to my wife during an interlude that he had three sisters living in England. Repeatedly during our visit we encountered other Irishmen and Irishwomen who spoke of Britain as though she were an abomination on the face of the earth, but whose fathers or brothers had spent their lives contentedly in British service, and whose sons and daughters and nephews and nieces, often enough, are today prospering on British soil as doctors, or lawyers, or architects or nurses or secretaries and, even more frequently, as rightly trusted members of our armed forces. It would be a mistake to suppose that the anti-British feelings expressed in the face of such facts are consciously hypocritical. They are blazingly sincere in the limited sense that the emotional grooves in which they run have cut so deeply into Irish thinking that the possibility of mutually exclusive propositions being afforded simultaneous hospitality is never even suspected. So automatic is the Irish reaction that Irishmen would willingly die in response to the call of these emotions, perhaps half an hour after they had waved goodbye to dearly loved relations sailing to join the British services. It may be said that to die for a cause is the final test of sincerity, but this is not necessarily true. There is in the present hatred of England by very many Irishmen, psychopaths excepted, an element no less bogus because it is unconscious. True hatred—hatred which is not just traditional —burns with an all-consuming flame. It permits of no continual compromise with the facts.

Part of the trouble, no doubt, is that the Irish vision is geographically restricted. When it would dwell upon Continental Europe, whose ancient spirit is so firmly established in the land, it has to make the mental effort of lifting itself across the intervening shadow of "the monster." The Irish mind tends, therefore, to be thrown back upon itself and upon its obsessions. It lives so isolated a life that it fails to understand that all peoples assume at one time or another a monstrous form. Of the many zealots with whom I spoke not one had ever considered the geographical and historical inevitability of the British Isles at some stage becoming a single political unit, and not one would agree that had the Irish been numerically the stronger they would by their own dynamism have imposed that union. They are in their own eyes, bless their hearts, the mildest and least aggressive of nations, being actuated in everything they do by only the highest motives. Such is their divorce from reality that it would be no surprise to hear them proclaim their lifelong attachment to the Gandhian doctrine of non-violence. Being thus isolated, the Irish will never begin to acquire an historical sense until, if ever, their leadership makes a disinterested and sustained effort, through education, to restore the perspective which was lost when some years ago Ireland relinquished its partnership in the British world.

Miseducation at the present time is frightening. Even intelligent and otherwise well-informed Irish people, ignoring the Norman (and Catholic) invasion by Henry II, speak as though Ireland had enjoyed a golden age until Cromwell arrived, after which they

see history as a series of skips to the '98 *[1798. Ed]*, the potato famine, the Easter insurrection, the treaty, and the civil war. Nothing has relevance to them unless it can be made to testify to England's villainy. Some with whom we talked had no idea that until thirty-odd years ago, when their Members refused to sit, they had been represented in the British Parliament on exactly the same constituency basis as the English, Scots and Welsh. When we broke down their scepticism, they fell back upon the notion that the Irish M.P.s must have been nominated by the absentee landlords, as "British constituencies were handed down from father to son." Explanations had then to be made that the rotten boroughs to which they presumably referred had been abolished by the Reform Bill of 1832, that the evils of the absentee landlord problem had been almost eliminated by the Irish Land Acts of Mr. Gladstone and that the landlords themselves had been bought out by a Tory administration in 1903. "In any case," we asked, "why should the landlords, while they existed, have appointed eighty or ninety turbulent Irishmen to bedevil British political life for decades?" We had also to stress the fact that the Penal Laws, created in the course of the religious struggle, were not something invented by the English as an express means to plague the Irish, and that, as they had been repealed in 1829, and most of their provisions had become a dead letter long before then, it was a little far fetched to insist that today Irish farmers, because of them, have to use donkeys instead of horses!

Then came the major argument. It would arise out of the question as to why the "oppressor" nation had refused, until 1922, to remove its troops. There was always a great difficulty in making clear to people that the British Government had the task of keeping order everywhere within the British Isles, but that, when not called upon to deal with insurrection and riot, the - relationship between that Government and its parts was a normal one—so much so that in 1914 the vast majority of the Irish had accepted the British partnership and were content to express their Irishness within its ample scope. This view was fiercely contested by one of Dublin's leading propagandists with whom I discussed the matter. "There was never any such acceptance," he assured me. I asked him how many Irishmen served in the British Army in the First World War.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand," he proudly replied.

"Surely that gives me my case," I said. "Not at all," he declared, with much vehemence. "They were not fighting for you but for Belgium."

"Then the Easter Rising—"

"All part of the same movement," he said.

"Come! I exclaimed, my reason outraged. "How could 250,000 Irishmen fighting against the Germans have been enlisted in the same cause as Irishmen simultaneously fighting with the Germans? "

"Mr. Chesterton," he thundered, "I will not allow you to bully us with our Irish dead."

As that was the last thing in my mind, it seemed to me advisable to steer the argument into other and safer channels. That evening I developed the same thesis about the Irish acceptance of partnership with Britain in the company of some distinguished Dublin journalists.

A judge - who is also a noted playwright--was in the circle.

"Yes," he agreed, "in 1914 ninety-three per cent. of the Irish were collaborating with the enemy"—by which, of course, he meant the English.

"Well, you know," I ventured to say, "it seems to me that ninety-three per cent. of the people had some right to consider themselves the people." This provoked a clamour of dissent, during which I gathered that the ninety-three per cent. had been basely tricked.

One woman friend whom we made in Ireland, accepting for argument's sake my thesis that in 1914 there had been full Irish partnership, asked why Britain did not respond more cordially when that partnership was rejected.

"Because," I replied, "we looked upon the British Isles as politically integral, because we rejoiced in the unique world partnership of the English, Scots, Irish and Welsh, and because we believed that its breaking up would be a tragedy for Britain and bring no good to its components."

"You are not going to tell me that the English wished us to remain in their world system because they loved the Irish," she said mockingly.

"I think you have hit upon the precise truth," was my reply. Though the whole of Ireland were to hoot with derision, that would remain my opinion.


## Buy British!

To counteract the traitorous policies of successive 'British' governments, readers and supporters of *Candour* are urged wherever possible to buy only goods produced in Great Britain or in our kindred lands across the sea.



## DINOSAUR NEWS

John Beattie of the *British People's League* runs a YouTube video broadcast. Visit the BPL's website for the latest and previous broadcasts of *Dinosaur News*.

**British People's League, Box 691, Minden, Ontario, KOM 2K0, CANADA.**

***www.britishpeoplesleague.com***

# THE GREEN IN MY EYE

By A. K. CHESTERTON

Originally published in *TRUTH*, November 1950

THE eyes of Mr. Costello, which even in repose look as if they are smouldering, leapt into flame, and he banged upon his desk to emphasise my folly.

"You are talking nonsense, Mr. Chesterton," he thundered. "I would not insult your intelligence by supposing that you believe such rubbish."

The topic of conversation, needless to say, was the partition of Ireland, which a visitor to that delightful country nowadays might conclude was the only political issue in the world that really mattered. Even the strongest and most taciturn of Irishmen seem to find the subject irresistible. Mr. Costello, who did my wife and me the great honour of receiving us at Government House, began by saying that he proposed not to talk politics, but the temptation was too strong. He sacrificed an entire hour of his valuable time in an endeavour to rid my mind of any absurdities it might be harbouring about the partition problem.

The occasion of this reproach—there were several during the hour—was a remark of mine not intended to be taken very seriously. It was that, were the question of partition settled, it seemed likely that the rival parties, in electoral appeals to traditional anti-British sentiment, might be found racing neck-to-neck to claim the Isle of Man or to create irredentist movements in the Highlands, Wales, Cornwall and Brittany.

The conceit was nonsensical, of course, but that is what I meant it to be. A valid argument is sometimes strengthened by an extravagant illustration. I did not then understand that the Irish sense of humour, joyous and wide-ranging though it be, refuses to take this particular jump. Partition is no laughing matter. I was not aware of just how solemnly it must be treated until later in the day, when a reporter from one of the big Dublin newspapers greatly flattered me by waiting upon me with a request for an interview. He began by asking my views on partition and ended, with some warmth of feeling, by giving me the benefit of his own. I had told him, with what I vainly hoped was a deft diplomatic touch, that I was in favour of a speedy solution to the problem on any terms satisfactory to both sides, which did not involve a British Government in any betrayal of the Northern loyalists. The statement was not well received.

The Taoiseach, as the Prime Minister of the Irish Republic is called—one group of my Irish friends vehemently debated whether the word should be pronounced Tayshock or Teashock, while another group, requested to spell it for me, essayed not more than ten different answers—the Taoiseach, in courteously receiving us, had not been asked to make a statement for publication, and I must therefore refrain from attributing to him views expressed in the course of a private conversation. Similar restraint will be required in describing snatches of the talks I had with other leaders of opinion in Dublin. I feel sure, however, that no affront has been offered to the Protocol by my mentioning that Mr. Costello told me I was talking nonsense. It is inconceivable that any Irishman discussing partition with an Englishman would resent being quoted in such a context, particularly as the Irish are the only people on earth who can make a remark of that kind without giving a particle of offence.

My chief guide, philosopher and friend during these high excursions in Dublin, a man blessed with the gift of opening all doors, had primed me for one of the interviews with a high political personage by outlining the economic case for the ending of partition. He made it sound very convincing, and I am sure he regarded it as the crowning argument.

When the introductions were over, and the inevitable topic was broached, I ventured to remark:

"As, sir, the basis of the Irish case against partition is economic, would a customs union meet the requirements of the South?

"The great man regarded me with a baleful eye. " Economics! " he said. " Economics have nothing to do with the question, nothing whatever."

I cast a reproachful glance at my guide, philosopher and friend, and he in turn looked sadly out the window.

"In any event," the statesman continued, "a customs union would not solve any problem. We cannot tolerate two centres of sovereignty in this island. All we ask is that a monstrous crime should be redressed."

"Crime?" I was not sure to which of the many crimes brought to my notice in Ireland reference was now being made.

"Damn it, man, the partition of Ireland.

"I pondered whether to remark that partition had taken place only after the Sinn Fein members, sweeping the Nationalists out of their seats at the khaki election, instead of going to Westminster, had met at the Mansion House and there—somewhat prematurely—declared Ireland a sovereign, independent republic. The knowledge that history does not turn on nice legalistic arguments prompted me to leave the point unmade. I said, instead: "Would you suggest, sir, that both sides were the victims of the 'crime'? "

"Of course that is what I would suggest," he replied. "Think, man, if the North were to come in, it would have 35 per cent. of the votes. It would hold the balance of power in the Dail. It would be, in effect, the ruler of the whole country."

“Tell me, sir," I said, excessively daring, "tell me—is that what you want?"
The statesman made a gesture suggestive of furiously scattering non-existent papers from off the table. " It's not a question of what I want," he exploded. " I'm telling you what will happen."
Then there was the great and genial figure who produced for my inspection an imposing booklet full of statistics and diagrams. Its chief feature was a map showing an orange blob to represent the area within thirty miles of Belfast, with the rest of Northern Ireland coloured emerald green.
"The green," said my informant, "is where we have a majority of 52 per cent."
"Why a thirty-miles radius? " I asked. "Why not a twenty-miles radius, or a forty-miles radius? It looks a bit arbitrary to me."
"You wouldn't suggest that it's us who are doing the gerrymandering? " he asked, a ferocious look in his normally twinkling eyes.
I laughed, which momentarily eased the strain. But only momentarily!
"If your figures are accurate," I said, "why not confine your claims to the green patch?
"Why, man," he shouted, "we would never be satisfied with that." It was an agony to keep my features composed.
"Then why," I inquired, "why go to all the trouble of demarcating green and orange and working out the percentage when what you want is the whole shooting-match?"
I thought that the hotel dining-room would burst its bounds and fill the creation with a smell of sulphur. Then, almost instantaneously, came a change of mood. He gave me a long and earnest gaze.
"What, he asked, "is the smallest unit to which you would be prepared to allow the right to contract out? "
"Southern Ireland contracted out of the British Isles," I remarked.
"She was never a part of the British Isles."
It seemed to me that this would prove a profitless argument, so I gave the man the honest answer which he sought. "I would allow to any unit, however small, the right to contract out, or, what might seem to be more accurate in this context, the right to stay out, provided it wanted to do so and had the means, either through its own strength or through the strength of its affiliations, to maintain itself in that position."
The Irishman looked profoundly shocked. "I would not call that a very moral attitude! " he exclaimed.
"Why not?" I asked. "In any case who is to define morality? Is the morality or otherwise of partition to be put to the vote? If so, why not the vote of the British Isles, which was a political entity for many more centuries than Ireland for decades has been a republic? The history of nations is a history not of moral relationships but of expediency and power—above all, of power."
He looked at me as though he despaired of my soul. It may be that this gloomy subject brought his mind to the happier contemplation of the soul of Ireland, for he laid his hand on my arm and asked almost in a whisper: "Mr. Chesterton, how can a nation possess its own soul when it is dismembered, when it feels the anguish of an imposed divorce between its parts?"
There were several answers. The first that occurred to me was to point out that contiguity is not necessarily the same thing as spiritual affinity and may be its opposite. "Why bring into a now united, homogeneous nation," I asked, "a very large minority which rejects your Gaelic ideal and will have none of your religion? By so doing you will not achieve spiritual integrity. The allegiance of the North is not so feeble an emotion that it can be switched over to Dublin by Act of Parliament. I cannot for the life of me see how you hope to become more fully possessed of your national soul by introducing into your political entity a million people whose hearts will be elsewhere and whose heads will be constantly occupied with ideas of escaping from a *milieu* which they abominate."
By this time others had joined us and our dialogue became a group discussion.
"Why should they abominate it?" asked one of the new arrivals, giving me a look of prodigious indignation. They too, are Irishmen."
"What, then is the problem?"
"The British Government."
"Come," I expostulated, "you don't really suppose that the British Government is keeping the people of Northern Ireland indoctrinated, that they may send representatives to Parliament to vote for His Majesty's Opposition! Is there no such thing as a religious problem?"
"Nobody could treat a religious minority better than we treat ours," was the reply.
"Could any political party in your country survive were it to accommodate the North with legislation—laws, for instance, relating to divorce and birth-control —which would be hostile to the teaching of the Catholic Church?"
There was a long silence, which I took as an admission that such a thing could not happen. I looked from face to face, and then said: "Doesn't your silence indicate that the North has reason to keep out?"
"Not at all!" cried the entire group. The man with whom the argument began said in a voice weighty with censure, "We have the right to make and enforce whatever laws we think best. It's our own country. Do you in Britain consider the Catholic minority when deciding your attitude on divorce?

Not at all! You even enforce your birth-control laws on Catholics."
" What birth-control laws?" I inquired, puzzled. "Our police, as you know, are wonderful, but even if there were such laws the police would not prove as wonderful as all that."
It took a split second for the mental picture to form in the minds of my auditors and then a great gust of laughter swept the room. I arose to take my leave amidst cries of protest. " You can't go yet," they said. "We haven't settled the problem."
The statement was incontestable.
"I'm sorry," I said, "but I have an appointment with a man who wants to talk to me—about partition." This, alas!, was only too true, except that I found not one man but eight.
As I was wafted to sleep in the early hours of the next morning, I saw in my mind's eye many fists being thumped on many tables, and in my mind's ear I heard the resonant voice of the Taoiseach, as though magnified by some colossal loudspeaker, thundering the sentence:
"Nonsense, Mr. Chesterton, you are talking nonsense, nonsense, NONSENSE."
I solemnly declare that the Irish are a great and wonderful people.

# Cultural Marxism, How Insidious Is It?

**By Tarka.**

In this article I intend to get to the truth of this 'phenomenon', by using quotes already out there by people who we would hardly call our allies, and by logic alone find the answer of whether it is a major cultural influence or not in Britain today.
On 18th January 2015 Jason Wilson wrote an article in The Guardian entitled 'Cultural Marxism': "a uniting theory for right wingers who love to play the victim". To quote from Wilson - "What are they talking about? The tale varies in the telling, but the theory of Cultural Marxism is integral to the fantasy life of the contemporary right. It depends on a crazy-mirror history, which glancingly reflects things that really happened, only to distort them in the most bizarre ways.
It begins in the 1910s and 1920s. When the socialist revolution failed to materialise beyond the Soviet Union, Marxist thinkers like Antonio Gramsci and Georg Lukas tried to explain why. Their answer was that culture and religion blunted the proletariat's desire to revolt, and the solution was the Marxists should carry out a 'long march through the institutions' - universities and schools, government bureaucracies and the media - so that cultural values could be progressively changed from above."
So far so good. Wilson has admitted the raison d'etre behind 'Cultural Marxism and he continues thus; "Adapting this, later thinkers of the Frankfurt School decided the key to destroying capitalism was to mix up Marx with a bit of Freud, since workers were not only economically oppressed, but made orderly by sexual repression and other social conventions. The problem was not only capitalism as an economic system, but the family, gender hierarchies, normal sexuality - in short the whole suite of traditional Western values." Wilson has done a great job laying out the 'Cultural Marxist stall' for all of us to see. But then he remembers he is writing for the Guardian! - "The vogue for the theorists like Herbert Marcuse and Theodor Adorno in the 1960s counterculture culminated with their acolytes' occupation of the commanding heights of the most important cultural institutions, from universities to Hollywood studios. There the conspiracy says, they promoted and even enforced ideas which were intended to destroy traditional Christian values and overthrow free enterprise: feminism, multiculturalism, gay rights and atheism. And this, apparently, is where political correctness came from. I promise you: this is what they really think."
"What they really think". The "they" is you and I. But Wilson has already 'hung himself by his own petard'. He has explained what Cultural Marxism is, what it set out to achieve but is incredulous when we can see what damage it has done to our once great nation. For the purposes of this article I will finish with one last quote from Wilson - "Anyone who takes a cool look at the last three decades of politics will think it bizarre that anyone could interpret what's happened as the triumph of an all-powerful left." Very clever. Of course he is hinting that since 1990 we have had 17 years of Conservative led Governments and 13 years of Labour. But as we know 'Cultural Marxism transcends political parties.
I no more support International Finance in the guise of the Conservative Party, or International Socialism as peddled by the Labour Party. For me they are 'two sides of the same coin', and enslave our folk with the yolk of Globalism. 'Cultural Marxism' has foisted upon us multiculturalism, multi-racialism, miscegenation, single parents, cohabitation, abortion, homosexuality, 'wards of the state (those who can't survive without state benefits) and drug/alcohol dependency which have all increased massively in the last thirty years. Eroding our culture and traditions and weakening our indigenous folk.

Now we have a Conservative Prime Minister who has been married twice has five to six children, and is cohabiting in 10 Downing Street with his present girlfriend and his latest child. Add this together with 'Black Lives Matter' (and all that entails), the re-writing of British history and the obsession, encouraged by the conventional media and countless Internet sites, of dividing our race through class, the only conclusion you can come to is that 'Cultural Marxism' is a reality here in 2021.

Colin Jordan once said what we need is a "revolution in thought". And, now we need it more than ever. It won't be an easy task as the odds are stacked heavily against us, but this is a battle we cannot afford to loose. The future of our Nation depends on victory.

Remember "Only he who gives up looses".

---

## Advertisements & Support


### Bill Baillie's Blogs.

The first day of every month Bill, a League of Empire Loyalist and Union Movement veteran, will send you his blogs.

**Always interesting and controversial: Visit:**

**Nation Revisited:**
nationrevisited.blogspot.com

**European Outlook**
europeanoutlook.blogspot.com

WTFR
WHERE THOUGHT IS FREE...

tctaunleashed.info

Hard hitting, topical radio broadcasts from down under with hosts ***Shaun Surplus & Mallificus Sentius.***

### England Calling

*Explaining what it is to be English*

**Robert Henderson**

englandcalling.wordpress.com

League Sentinel

leaguestgeorge.org

Heritage and Destiny

**Read about the latest edition**
**and subscribe online or by post**

**- Issue 100 now available -**

heritageanddestiny.com

HIDDEN GOVERNMENT

www.candour.org.uk

Hidden Government book and other merchandise available in our online store.


**Disclaimer.**

Please note that the placement of an advertisement in *Candour does not mean that the Editor agrees with their contents or has any knowledge of the past and future contents of the publications or any other means of communications.*


***CANDOUR* SUBSCRIPTION RATES FOR 10 ISSUES**

**U.K. £30.00. Europe 50 Euros, U.S.A. & Canada $60.00, Rest of the World £45.00. All Airmail.**

**Cheques and Postal Orders, £'s Sterling only, made payable to *Colin Todd.***

**Send all correspondence and monies to BM CANDOUR, London, WC1N 3XX. UK.**

**(Outside of the UK send cash, wrapped in tin foil, in £'s Sterling notes, $ bills or Euro notes in a securely sealed envelope).**

**All payments can also be sent to us via *PayPal* at our online website – *candour.org.uk***

Printed and Published by The A.K. Chesterton Trust, BM Candour, London, WC1N 3XX. United Kingdom.
www.candour.org.uk (Editor Rob Black)